

Muriel D. Burras.
(Grade of '40)



C.G.H.
ALUMNAE
LIFE
1947

A2-50-500

\$10.00



"Great it is to
believe the dream
When we stand in youth
by the starry stream;
But a greater thing is
to fight life through
And say at the end,
"The dream is true!"



Editorial



The time has come when necessity demandeth that an editorial be forthcoming. I've waited a long time for an inspiration to arrive but for some reason my intellectual overseer seems to be off duty these days. Without further ado, therefore, (for better or for worse), I'll proceed under my own steam. Should I say "The Moving Finger writes: and, having writ, moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line."

The editing and compiling of this Year Book has been far from the easiest thing in the world for me—running as it does against the remotest of my natural inclinations—so please be tolerant with your criticisms. However now that the end is in view, it gives me humble satisfaction to utter with relief, "a poor thing, but mine own."

At this time too I should like to thank all those who responded to my cries for help—and that covers a wide territory indeed, all the way from Miss Moodie of 1898 to a number of the new graduates of 1947.

On the eve of a new year perhaps it would be appropriate that we take a brief glance at the one just past. What have we accomplished as an organization? What have we accomplished as individual members of that organization?

Many of you to be sure have worked faithfully and long and we do appreciate your splendid support. Perhaps some of us however, having viewed with satisfaction the achievements of our association throughout the years, have rested upon our laurels—and to all appearances are still resting. Our organization can achieve its highest aim only if each one of us is willing to do her bit—and does it. So—fellow members, how about it for 1948? Let's see what we can do!

With all good wishes for health and happiness in the New Year,

Sincerely,

JANET G. PORTEOUS.

President's Address . . .



Sincere thanks to my executive for their whole hearted co-operation during the past year.

Also thanks to all Alumnae members for their continued support.

"Merry Christmas and all Best Wishes for 1948"

Sincerely,

MILLICENT R. LISSON.

To The Graduates of The Calgary General Hospital



May I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the Alumnae for their co-operation and enthusiasm shown throughout the year. It is gratifying to note with what kindly interest and sincerity you have remembered those who have been ill or in hospital. We appreciated too, the assistance given us on wards by some of our married members during the summer vacation season.

It is my wish that the same spirit of good will shall prevail in the year to come.

With every good wish for your peace and happiness at Christmas and in the New Year.

Sincerely yours,
A. HEBERT.

A Message From Our Medical Superintendent



Another difficult year has passed along for your Alma Mater. The shortage of nurses has been more pronounced this year than during the war period. You have helped us in our difficulties and on behalf of the hospital I wish to thank you.

May I also send my wishes for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

J. D. HEASLIP

GRADUATION BANQUET . . . 1947

At the twelfth annual reunion and banquet held again at the Palliser Hotel, fifty-eight new members were received into the organization.

Miss Millicent Lisson welcomed the new graduates, following which the traditional Big Sister, Little Sister candle lighting ceremony was conducted.

Mrs. Larry Partridge '28, as "the lady with the lamp" appeared in the dimly lit room carrying a tiny candle—the symbol of "the lamp burning brightly, a service which never falters or fails." As she lit the candles of the Big Sisters, who in turn lit those of their little Sisters, the new graduates, the Spirit of Florence Nightingale was passed on with the message, "We trust your lamps will burn as staunchly and your happiness glow as brightly as those who have gone before."

Miss Marjorie Bugler, president of the graduating class thanked the Alumnae on behalf of the class for the kindness and friendliness shown them by the association.

Mrs. T. L. O'Keefe brought greetings from the hospital board and introduced Mrs. F. A. Campbell, president of the newly formed hospital auxiliary.

Miss Lillian Bibby '33 proposed the toast to the absent members and urged that a contact be maintained with those who are not able to be present at Alumnae functions. She encouraged members of the graduating class to keep in touch with their absent classmate, Miss Margaret Lawrence of North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

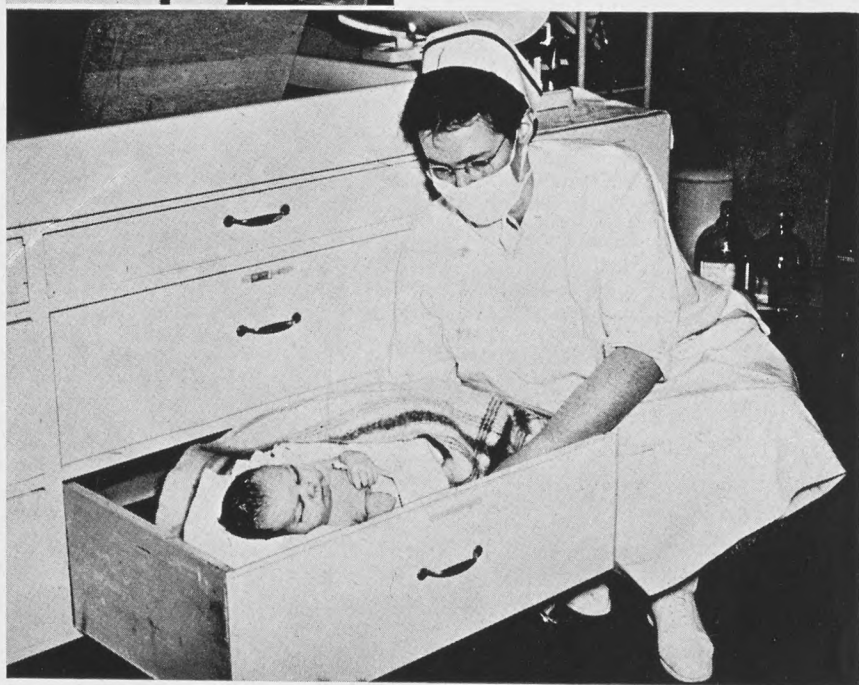
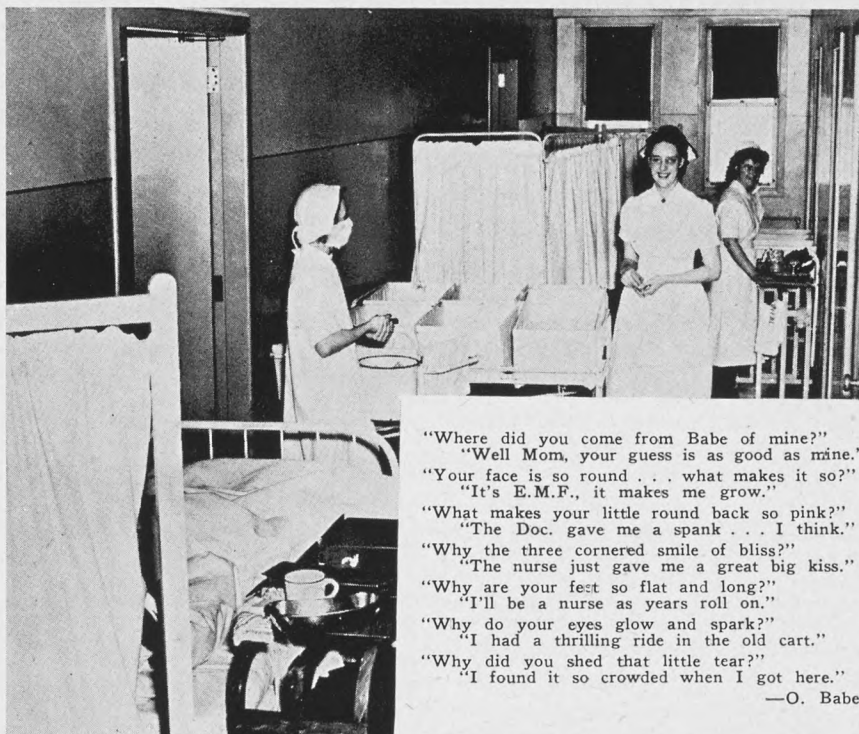
Greetings from out-of-town members were brought by Mrs. T. Kuzyick, (Newton '43), and the toast to the training school staff was proposed by Miss Una Dale, '23.

Miss Anna Hebert, superintendent of nurses, replied and extended a welcome to the new members. "During her training," Miss Hebert stated, "the recent graduate has met people of all creeds and races, and through this contact has developed a full understanding and attained an intelligent interest in her fellowmen. Whether or not a nurse continues in her profession, she has an opportunity of helping many in her community because of her increased knowledge, depth of character and insight into human relations. Wherever her path leads, we hope she may gain profitable experience from her losses and lessons, and may find satisfaction in her way of life."

At the head table were the mothers of three of the graduating class, Mrs. F. H. Hicks, '24, Mrs. C. Staples, '23, and Mrs. Frank Crisall, '18.

Following the dinner, Mrs. Richard Cuniffe '32 rendered two delightful vocal numbers, accompanied by Miss Muriel McLean at the piano. Next we enjoyed a humorous skit, "The Aseptic Wedding", directed by Mrs. Grant Duthie, '27. To complete the evening's entertainment the Rythm ??? Band took over, under the direction of Mrs. C. Hope, '28. Seven "probie" nurses with goggles, ear-rings and bedroom slippers formed the personnel of the band.

Our attendance numbered at two hundred and ninety seven members, all of whom had a grand get-together. Mrs. A. E. Wilson, '34 and her committee are indeed to be congratulated on a splendid banquet.





Valentine Party



This year again we had a Valentine party for the nurses-in-training at the Hospital. It was held in Paget Hall and proved a very enjoyable evening for all—thanks to Mrs. McIntyre and her committee. With Miss Mollie Harback as our congenial and very able “thought” provoking announcer, we were exposed to a quizz—an exhibition of the stuff and wherewithal of which our nurses are made. In case you wonder about it—Oscar Levant has nothing on us.

Mrs. Hammill, Mrs. O’Keefe and Miss F. Shaw got loose somehow—long enough to put in a few little ditties to advertise their product “Delectable Dirty Diapers”. We thought for sure we were seeing things when three little ????? white bunnies hopped out on the stage. They had big pink floppy ears in front, white fuzzy tails behind, but—you should have seen what was in the middle!! Truly our eyes have seen everything now! We’d certainly like to thank the gentleman or gentlemen who so kindly lent their long sleeved, long legged Harvey Woods underwear for our worthy cause. Most of all though we’d like to know where on earth they got them.

A number of the members of the audience, both graduates and students, failed to answer their questions and so were compelled to take the “consequence”. In such a way we had a very pleasant and varied program—songs, piano solos, tap dance and several readings.

Mrs. Richard Cuniffe didn’t get off duty in time to get dressed so she just came in her uniform—her fourth best one. But we are not proud, we were glad to have her anyway, even if she did look as if she had had a pretty hectic time before she got there—with holes in her uniform, cap askew, bib rumped and the knees of her socks gone but not forgotten. Even in her weakened condition she rendered a very inspiring and heart warming rendition of “You’ll Get Used To It.”

At the close of the entertainment we proceeded to the lower hall where refreshments were served. The tables were very attractively decorated and the servitors looked very swish in their little Valentine aprons and caps. Mrs. Maberley and her committee certainly went all out to provide for us really excellent refreshments.

“I have seen folks who had traveled all over the world and all they could tell you about it wuz. how mutch it had kost them.”

(Josh Billings.)

“A little East End of London tough was beating up a kid from another part of the city and the process was watched with great interest by some of the East-Enders’ chums. He blacked the other boy’s eyes, knocked some of his teeth out and then rolled him in the mud. He stood, at a loss for something else to do to him, when a voice from the crowd said “Breave on ’im ’Erb and give ’im yer ’ooeping corph!”

(Roundup)



NEWS NOTES

Miss June Polley '40 is Public Health Nurse at Foremost, Alberta after having completed her course in Public Health Nursing at The School For Graduate Nurses McGill University.

Having completed the course in Public Health Nursing at the U. of A.:

Miss Margaret Hutchison is in the Public Health District of Turner Valley.

Miss Alberta Lewis '44 is at Bow Island.

Miss Irene Robertson '44 is on the City of Calgary Staff.

Miss Margaret Armstrong '47 is taking Public Health Nursing at the U. of A.

Miss Ellen Hanson '46 is P.G.ing in Surgery at the U. of B.C.

Miss Marjorie Pinchbeck '39 is back at McGill University to complete her degree in Bachelor of Nursing in Public Health Administration.

Miss Lilly Lynass '43 is now down at Carmel Mercy Hospital, Detroit, Michigan, taking a course in Anaesthesia.

Miss Florence Mitchell '26 is Supervisor of 2nd West Medical Ward.

Miss Margaret Scott '46 is at the Leahi Hospital, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Miss Annie Henderson '26 Ass't. Superintendent of nurses at Kenora, was a recent visitor.

Miss Ethel Graham '15 from Ottawa and Miss Ethel Thompson '15 from Elmsdale, N.S. also were recent visitors to Calgary.

Miss Catherine Yellowlees '44 has been taking life easy these days while she enjoys a holiday in England. How we envy her!

Twelve of the new graduates of 1947 are now back on the staff of the hospital. We are certainly pleased to see such a splendid representation of the class return to C.G.H.



"It is good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it is good, too, to check up once in awhile and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy."

George Horace Latimer

"Imagination, common sense and courage—even a moderate exercise of these will produce remarkable results. If a man is primarily after wealth, the world can whip him, if he is primarily after pleasure, the world can beat him, but if a man is primarily growing a personality, then he can capitalize anything that life does to him."

Harry Emerson Fosdick

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1947 – Spring Section

BOCK, PAULINE, Ass't. Supervisor, 4th Floor.
BUGLER, MARJORY, 2330—11A St., S.E., Calgary.
CARROTHERS, ANNA, 1029—14th Ave. W., Calgary
CRISALL, MARJORIE, Berkley, California
EARL, DOROTHY, Climax Municipal Hospital, Sask.
HOOPER, HILDA, Climax Municipal Hospital, Sask.
JENKINS, BEATRICE, Brooks Municipal Hospital, Alberta
LAWRENCE, MARGARET, Ill in Prince Alberta Sanatorium, Sask.
MILLER, JOYCE, High River Municipal Hospital, Alberta
MILLER, VIOLET, Swift Current Municipal Hospital, Sask.
PRENTICE, HELEN, High River Municipal Hospital, Alberta
RUSSELL, LUCILLE, High River Municipal Hospital, Alberta
SYMONS, IRENE, Stettler Municipal Hospital, Alberta
WHITMORE, MARGARET, 1271—5th Avenue N., Lethbridge, Alberta
WRIGHT, LORRAINE, 812—6th Avenue N., Saskatoon. Sask.

Sick Visiting Committee's Report

During the past year a total of forty-four calls were made to sick members of our Alumnae. Many of these visits were made to the Hospital—the Surgical wards, Medical wards and Maternity. Also calls were made out to the Central Alberta Sanatorium and we are pleased to report that Mrs. Irene McMahon seems to be progressing favorably. We have heard too from Miss Janet Shiell '35 of Needles, B.C. who seems to be holding her own quite nicely. To both of these members we send greetings at this time.

In closing I would like to thank the members of my committee for their co-operation and assistance during the year.

Sincerely,

Jean Boyd,
(Sick Visiting Convenor)

THE CYCLE

Junior gets a cold somewhere
His sister gets it next,
The end, however, isn't there
And that's what makes us vexed,
For sister's cold is passed on then
To Father and to Mother,
Who barely have recovered when—
Yes, Junior gets another!

—Richard Armour

"Blessed Be nothing when the tax-collector comes around."

1947 *Graduating Class*, Fall Section

ANDERSON, BETH M., Lacombe Municipal Hospital.
ANDREWS, NORAH K., Taber Municipal Hospital.
ARMSTRONG, MARGARET H., University of Alberta.
BALL, ETHEL M., I. V. Department C.G.H.
BORIS, IRENE, Empress Municipal Hospital.
BUCHAN, EDWINA, 835—19th Avenue West, Calgary.
CHASE, HELEN, 215—34th Avenue S.E., Calgary.
DAFOE, H. JEAN, Drumheller Municipal Hospital.
DRUMMOND, IRENE, Ogden Post Office (Nurse in Doctor Berry's office.)
EDEEN, RUTH I., 827—14th Avenue West, Calgary.
FLEMING, ELIZABETH, Drumheller Municipal Hospital.
FERGUSON, SARAH B., 2203—19th Street West, Calgary.
GOETT, JUNE I, 1619—4A Street N.W., Calgary.
HAGG, GLADYS A., Bassano Municipal Hospital.
HALL, JOAN H., High River Municipal Hospital.
HAMILTON, ELEANOR M., Eston, Sask.
HAYES, MARJORIE E., Pediatric Department, C.G.H.
HICKS, DEVENY A., 4th Floor, C.G.H.
HICKS, D. CAROL, Assistant Night Supervisor, C.G.H.
JENKINS, A. LORRAINE, St. Vincent's Hospital, Pincher Creek
JOHNSTON, MARGARET I, Supervisor 2E., C.G.H.
JONES, MARJORIE H., 1913 Bowness Road.
KELLY, LOIS E., Maternity Department, C.G.H.
KLAUDT, ELMA L., O.R., C.G.H.
LEACH, EDNA E., Empress Municipal Hospital.
MEIKLEJOHN, E. LORENA, I. V. Department, C.G.H.
MILLS, JOYCE M., Cardston Municipal Hospital.
MONTGOMERY, JOAN, Bassano Municipal Hospital.
MORTIMER, DORIS I, Cardston Municipal Hospital.
McFARLANE, JEAN C., 4th Floor, C.G.H.
PEPPER, BETH E., Beulah Mission Hospital, Edmonton, Alberta.
POTTER, LAURIE J., Taber Municipal Hospital.
RITCHIE, E. BETTY, Coleman Municipal Hospital.
STAPLES, M. SHIRLEY, 913—1st Avenue N.W., Calgary.
SWEATMAN, AUDREY W., Bassano Municipal Hospital.
TINNEY, DORIS I, 1221—12th Avenue West, Calgary.
WEIR, PHYLLIS H., C.G.H., Calgary
WHEELER, E. VALERIE, P.G., P.M.H.
WHITE, HELEN C., High River Municipal Hospital.
WILSON, DOREEN M., 1st Floor, C.G.H.
WOTHERSPOON, RUBY L., Swift Current Municipal Hospital.
ZAHARA, ALICE, 539—24th Ave., N.W., Calgary (Nurse at Indpt. Biscuit Co.)

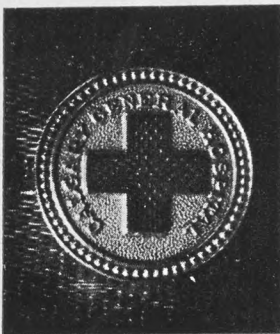
Miss Marion Moodie Addresses Alumnae

Miss Marion Moodie, first nurse to graduate from our hospital, was guest speaker at the June meeting of the Alumnae Association. Miss Moodie, who entered training in the hospital in 1895 and graduated in 1898, holds the distinction of being the first trained nurse in Alberta.

Looking back to the days when the hospital consisted of a wooden framed building with bullet-riddled doors and walls, she told of many experiences. While nursing as a "probationer" in what is now our Isolation Hospital, she recalled her first weeks in training. Here she spent a period in which she nursed by night and slept in the cook's room by day—when the bed was not required for an emergency case. Often the desperate need for nursing care made it necessary for Miss Moodie to work sixty hours, with only two hours off in between. Sometimes her work required too, that she assist the country doctor and travel with him through fine or stormy weather. For this service she sometimes received pay, but more often was just given her board.

Wearing her hospital pin, with which she was presented upon the completion of her training, Miss Moodie told of that first simple service. Instead of the impressive ceremony of today, in which almost sixty graduates receive diplomas and pins, the superintendent Miss Ellen Birtles presented her with her diploma in the presence of several members of the hospital board, two doctors, and Dr. James Herdman, minister of Knox United Church. The pins which the graduating classes receive at the present time are very much smaller but similar in design to that selected by Miss Moodie.

In concluding a very interesting talk Miss Moodie left us with the inspiring message, "You have had more advantages and scientific training than was possible for us in those early years, but the Spirit is the same, and we can hold to the same motto though it may be unspoken, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, as unto the Lord and not unto men."



Pin of 1947.

"All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh
While His hands uphold and guide.
Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He today and He tomorrow
Grace sufficient give His own."



Pin of 1898.

TEA WITH OUR FIRST GRADUATE



Reading from left to right—Miss Marion Moodie 1898, Mrs. T. O'Keefe (Barret '24), Miss G. Ackland '26), Mrs. C. Linton (Thompson '17), Mrs. E. C. MacDonald (Cumberland '20), Mrs. O. Beaudry (Richards '24), Mrs. A. E. Wilson (Kinney '34), Mrs. F. W. Franklin (Court '15), Mrs. E. Allison, Miss J. Porteous '43, Miss A. Casey, Mrs. B. Charles (Sherwood '24), Mrs. F. Volkman (Brown '30), Miss K. Metheral '40), Miss B. J. von Gruenigen '21.

On Monday, September twenty-second several representatives of the Alumnae were honored in being guests of Miss Marion Moodie at a delightful tea held in the Green Room at the Palliser Hotel. We deeply appreciated the opportunity given to us to really get to know more of Miss Moodie and her experiences. We were pleased also to have her speak at The Alumnae meeting before returning to her home in Montreal.



THE WRONG ONE!

"He was giving a treat to village school children. After tea he announced with a beaming smile, "Now I'm going to perform certain actions and you must guess what proverbs they represent. The boy or girl who guesses the answers first will receive one shilling for a prize."

First he lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid and between them they raised him to his feet. The actions were meant to represent the motto, "Unity is strength." When he asked if any child could solve the puzzle a little hand shot up and an eager voice cried, "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

The Acatec.

What Do You Do For That Fed-Up Feeling?

Here are some celebrities cures for the blues:

Dorothy Dix: "When I get fed up with the world and all that's in it, I go out and buy a red hat. There's no gloom a red hat won't dispel from my soul, no depression it won't lift. It is the final triumph of hope over experience. It makes me begin to believe that it can restore gray hair to it's natural color, reduce poundage without diet, and return sixty to sixteen. It never actually performs these miracles of course, but it gives a kick to my ego that restores me to sanity."

And now from Bruce Barton:

"When the brain backfires in the middle of a piece of work, put on the hat, walk down the street to the barber shop and have the shoes shined. The combination of fresh air and the gentle massage of the brush across the toes starts the blood flowing headward again. For chronic staleness, a reliable formula is to announce that you're leaving town, then not go. Sleep late, eat breakfast in bed, shun the office and wander alone in the wide open spaces of your city. Somewhere you'll find a fresh and stimulating perspective."

(The Gazette)

☆ ☆ ☆

A Day Of Quietude

It would not be at all amiss if we
Took one whole day to live deliberately,
To leave the ceaseless whirl and seek a lane
And walk its peaceful shadowed length again,
With thoughts attuned to nature's growing things—
To stand in silence by a gentle stream
Unruffled by a vague or fretful scheme,
To hearken to the whisper of the grass
As over it the playful breezes pass;
To bring our shattered selves to bear until
We really see the sky beyond the hill.
To have an evening meal with prayerful grace,
To note the smile upon a loved one's face.
To give attention to a spoken word
And try to show that we have truly heard.
To gain a calm in which to hear a sage
Speak from the frame of some old classic's page.
And underneath the sprinkle of the stars
Look upwards from the earth and all its scars.
We would face days ahead in better mood
For living one bright day in quietude.

Reid Cromwell.

☆ ☆ ☆

A small girl owned a canary, and when it died she insisted on a proper funeral. Her father therefore dug a hole in the garden, and comfortably packed in a cigar box, Timmy's body was reverently interred. Then as Mary returned up the garden path, hand in hand with her father, she said, "Daddy, wouldn't you like to see St. Peter's face when he thinks he's got a box of cigars and finds its only Timmy?."

The Methodist Recorder.



HALLOWE'EN DANCE



Our second attempt at a Fall Dance which was held as a Hallowe'en event, was more successful financially than that of last year. We are pleased to report too, that all those attending gave evidence of having an enjoyable time.

For our special attraction Miss Peggy Frost gave a very skilful exhibition of acrobatic stunts in which she showed an excellent sense of balance. The novelty dances were very well supported and succeeded splendidly in mixing the crowd. A good response was even made to the heel and toe polka. Mr. and Mrs. Newborn were winners at the spot waltz and Mrs. Staples and Miss Watson were winners at bridge.

At eleven-thirty, Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Beaudry served a welcome lunch of sandwiches, dill pickles, cake and coffee.

Mrs. Garland and Mrs. D. F. Thompson are to be commended for their efforts at handling the tickets and also Mrs. Brigden for acting as cashier. Mrs. Harry Fisher had all the spooks of Hallowe'en dancing about us in the dining room.

My sincere thanks to everyone who so ably assisted in every way. I have enjoyed meeting and working with all of you.

Financial account of dance:

Ticket Receipts to date	\$198.00
Expenditures	\$139.49
Balance	\$ 48.41
Tickets unaccounted for as yet — 36.	

RUBY ELDER, Ways and Means Convener.



MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Members paid up to date	463
Members unpaid	440

M. BRIGDEN, Membership Convener



EXECUTIVE FOR 1948

PAST PRESIDENT	Miss M. Lisson
PRESIDENT	Mrs. A. E. Wilson
1st VICE-PRESIDENT	Mrs. W. H. B. Kirkpatrick
2nd VICE-PRESIDENT	Mrs. C. A. Maberley
TREASURER	Mrs. D. Thompson
RECORDING SECRETARY	Miss M. Harback
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY	Miss B. Vanghoj
PRESS	Mrs. R. Allen



News From *Our Globe Trotters*



From Winnie Gray '42 . . .

July 13, 1947.

"The trip out (after two weeks in Toronto, and three most interesting days in New York) was a very happy one. I travelled on the City of Tokio, a British cargo boat, carrying only five passengers. We had wonderful fellowship together, and also with the captain and officers who were most congenial and considerate. The weather except for the first four days was quite perfect.

I landed at Karachi on April the fifth, thirty days from New York and spent ?? days there, then proceeded alone to Lahore. I travelled in a compartment with ?? Indian officers, who were very thoughtful and helpful. An English officer also assisted me, took me to the diner, helped with luggage etc. I was met in Lahore, and spent three days there before proceeding to Kangra in the Punjab. I had two weeks there and got the hang of our station, also visited our mission at Palampur and saw Dharamacla and Churrie (probably misspelt). At these last two places we visited the Churka regiments. At the latter one we went swimming in what was a most refreshingly cool pool. Alas, those days will be gone forever, with the withdrawal of British officers from these regiments.

Since May first I have been at Landour, living like an eagle in its eyrie at 8,000 feet. I am attending language school here, and find the study most interesting. It is fortunately not too difficult and I seem to be making progress. I enjoy trying to talk to people in Urdu, despite the numerous mistakes I make. At first I found that I kept thinking of French words instead of Urdu ones but now I am beyond that and can't recall French ones only Urdu. I put in about eight hours a day at study—school from 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., two hours with private teachers and two hours alone. I have a teacher from 6.30 to 7.30 a.m. so my day starts early. It reminds me a little of training days, getting up at 6.15 and retiring at 10 p.m.

I have been on several hikes up here to local beauty spots, none of which can touch our lovely Canadian Rockies to my way of thinking. Now the monsoons have started, everything looks much greener and fresher and more beautiful. The big trees are always covered with moss which now is bright green. From it ferns and bracken are sprouting at a great old clip and it makes a wonderful sight. Even the big moss-covered rocks and stone walls are becoming thickly covered with the ferns. Flowers are beginning to show up and grass is getting green. I don't believe I fully understood how dry a land India is before I came here. I thought that up here, in a hill-station, everything would be fresh and green like our mountains but it is not so. Water is so scarce that for month before the monsoons came the water was shut off in Landour and Musoorie except between 6 and 9 a.m. and 4 to 7 p.m. It seems unbelievable to me, coming from a city with two big rivers.

Yesterday was the last day of school so I'll have a little more time in the future. I won't be absolutely free because I have arranged for three private hours of tuition for the next two and a half weeks. Our plans are to remain here until Sept. 20 or 22, and then return to Kangra. But if conditions then are as bad as they are at present we will have to remain here.

There is no trouble at Kangra itself but between here and there the way is impassible.

Today I received a letter from Canada—the first in 19 days. I have purchased some odds and ends of silver, ivory, brass, woodwork, lace, etc. I also bought a lovely table which I'd love to send home but can't. I'll bring them all when I come along.

I can speak and read and understand Urdu quite a lot, however I'll refrain and not write to you in Urdu yet, Goodbye for now—

And from Margaret Scott '46 . . .

Leahi Hospital,
649 Pokole St. Honolulu, Hawaii.

"I left Vancouver on August 24th at 4 p.m. via the Canadian Australasian Air liner Arkana. It was indeed a lovely trip of approximately sixteen hours. From San Francisco we travelled by night arriving at the Rodger Airport, Honolulu, at 8.30 a.m., August 25th. I was met by Miss Lastor, assistant director of nurses at the Leahi hospital. As a welcome to Hawaii she placed a lovely lei of native flowers around my neck.

The hospital consists of one large main building and various outside ambulatory stations, classrooms, physical therapy dept., childrens' ward and workshop. In the main building are the very advanced Tuberculosis cases many of whom will never leave the Leahi hospital.

The patients are of entirely Oriental extraction. You can imagine what a task it is for a newcomer to learn the various names and "pidgeon language." The graduate nursing staff is not large, so our duties consist mainly of supervising and managing the work done by Filipino, Japanese and Chinese doctors. Many are here from United States, Japan, China and India taking post graduate study in the treatment of Tuberculosis.

At present, I am on a mens' surgical ward. Here we have such operations as phrenic nerve paralysis, pneumothorax, pneumonolysis, thorocoplasty, lobectomy, pneumonectomy, pneumoperitoneum, extrapleural pneumothorax and cavity drainage.

The Island of Oahu is beautiful. The foliage and flowers are lovely. The days are of short duration with sunset taking place about 6.30 p.m. Yes, and there are coconuts, bananas and pineapples to be found everywhere. The climate is warm and moist with the trade winds blowing often.

I believe I am going to have a wonderful year here and am sure my post graduate course will prove most interesting.

Must close for now but send to all "Aloha" from Hawaii.

And from Nan Clarke '44 . . .

All Saints' Hospital
Aklavik, N.W.T.,
Sept. 23rd, 1947.

Up here I am on nights now. We are getting mail every week until freeze-up so am just keeping my fingers crossed that this week stays nice. This being my first year for freeze-up, I am looking forward to it. However I don't mind waiting for a few weeks. The weather for the last two weeks has been so nice I hate to mention it in case it changes its mind. We have been getting out more during this month than we did either July or August.

On Saturday I made a trip to the mountains which are about thirty miles away. I had been working all night but went anyway. It was lovely. We started about 10.30 a.m. I was afraid I would be too tired to enjoy the trip but the Arctic breeze on the water was fresh enough to keep me awake. We had a wonderful trip and arrived about 12.30 p.m. After a grand dinner we started out for the mountains which were about two miles across country. Then we started up. Unlike the mountains in Banff with their cinder paths, here the whole mountain is yours and you can go up by any route you desire. However after one look at the shortest route, which is almost perpendicular, we decided the longest way round is sometimes the shortest, so we went the usual way. You climb the mountain by digging your fingers in and scrambling up as best you can. After each level has been reached you rest awhile and look at the view. By now I know the look of that country so well I won't have to refresh my mind for a long time—all of four years anyway. Coming down was terrible. With every step we took we felt as though our knees were going to buckle under. However we made it and arrived back at our boat around 6 p.m. very pleased with ourselves. I can't tell you anything about the trip home because I slept.

Dr. McLure Addresses Nurses

Recently the nurses at the hospital had the privilege of hearing Dr. R. B. McLure, medical missionary from the Far East. Born in China, he spent his youth there and later studied medicine at Toronto and Edinburgh. He was a medical missionary at Hwai Ching in Honan when the Japanese invaded China. Soon after hostilities began he became Field Director for the International Red Cross and supervised the administration of fourteen hospitals in North and Central China. His work is portrayed in the book "The Burma Surgeon" of which he is the principal character.

In a very spontaneous and dynamic manner Dr. McLure told of many adventures and experiences and gave us an insight into the hardships and strain under which the medical personnel were forced to carry on. It is regretted that Dr. McLure did not have a copy of this excellent address which obviously came from the heart, not from notes. We are pleased that he has given permission to have one of his other stories included in our Year Book.

MISS LI

Late in the Fall of 1939, there was an outbreak of cholera in South West China. It was late in the season, but the cholera germs seemed to have made some mistake in their calendar. Now, in meeting an epidemic of cholera in modern times, there are just two things that have to be done. All those exposed to the cholera must be given a jab of cholera vaccine, and then, if any get the disease, they must have salt water pumped into their arms—two quarts per person. It is a very simple process, but very sure-fire in its results. Those who get the salt water into their arms in time, all get better! those who do not get it, all die. It is a bit of a trick in organization, of course, to have the salt water handy for anyone of several millions of people who might get cholera, because a person only lives from three to five hours after taking cholera, and there is no use pumping salt water into the arms of patients after they have passed out.

One of the problems that we faced, then, was to find some pure salt fit for making medicinal salt water. I knew of one drug depot where a considerable quantity of this salt—just the kind we needed—was available. Now, the Government in China is like the Government of any other country, and they do have their formalities, their procedures and their red tape. We knew the Government really wanted us to get on with the job of preparing for the cholera epidemic, but we also knew that to get official permission for ten cases of salt tablets, would take two or three months to get through. It was, therefore, a matter of wrangling the necessary salt. This was particularly difficult, as we had no authorization to withdraw any salt, and neither did the party in charge of the warehouse have any authorization to give it to us. On enquiring around, I discovered that the salt was in the custody of a rather good-looking young girl. I thought this made matters rather easier for me. That was based on an entirely erroneous assumption, that we so frequently make, that if a girl is good looking she is probably relatively inefficient. There is no basis for this assumption, but we frequently make this mistake. I also discovered that the girl concerned was Cantonese, and as I did not talk the Cantonese language, I took with me for interpreter, a young motor engineer from the League of Nations' transportation service. When I got to the warehouse, however, I found that an interpreter was not required, for the girl had been raised in Hongkong; she had attended school in Hongkong; her family had another home in Singapore and one in Java; she could speak English, French and German and was two up on me. As I said before, we had no authorization to get these tablets. It was purely a matter of wrangling. The total stock being seventeen cases, I started off by asking for the entire lot, and she started off by refusing any at all. Eventually we compromised on ten cases.

However, as anyone can understand, in making a deal of that type there were some pretty hot words spoken, so when it was over she asked us if we would make peace by joining her in a cup of tea. Now, we do not have tea served every afternoon by good-looking girls on the Burma Road, and we were glad to stay. When we had finished the tea and were once again outside on the street, the engineer turned to me and, with a very knowing wink, said: "Pretty smart, eh," I pretended I did not know what he meant (although I think I did) and so I turned to him and

said that I thought that girl illustrated why the Chinese were going to lose the war. Of course, we think nothing of the kind but we frequently say things like that in order to stir our Chinese colleagues up to greater effort. He was surprised at that and asked me why I thought she demonstrated any weakness. He said that, after all, we could not blame her for giving us the salt tablets, even though we did not have full authority to obtain them. I told him it was not that, but here was a girl who claimed she was a nurse, and if she was a nurse, it seemed to me she should have been at the front, and not sitting back in a safe city at a cushy job, looking after a drug warehouse. Since she was sitting back in a safe city at a cushy job, I would like to bet that she had a rather close relative high up in the National Government. I also supposed that the salt job was paying a pretty good salary. He turned to me in surprise and asked me who had told me all these details. I said I thought they were right. He agreed that they were right in some ways but in one or two ways he said they were quite wrong, because that girl illustrated why they were going to win this war. She had been a nurse, had been at the front and she was coming back with a convoy of eight ambulances, with eight stretchers in each ambulance and they had been anxious to get the wounded men back to the base that they had been running in the daytime. Perhaps they should only have run at night, because a low-flying enemy plane picked them up one day. The rest took to cover, but she stayed with her men who could not be taken out. A thirty-pound shrapnel landed just in front of the radiator of the ambulance. Now, a thirty-pound shrapnel is not large the way bombs go, but it is enough to change the shape of a radiator. As a matter of fact, when the smoke cleared away, none of her patients required any further nursing care and she herself lay out, badly wounded. The long convalescence to which she had been subjected became very irksome, so, having a relative rather high up in the National Government, she had used her pull to get this job so that she could work while she was convalescing. There was no money connected with it; it was a voluntary job, and she paid her own board.

Now, a story like that sounded too good to be true, so the next day, when I went back to get some papers signed and take delivery of the salt, I asked her if this was her story, because I said I thought it sounded too good to be true, and I was always a bit skeptical about stories as good as that. Her only reply was to say that it was true, and that since I was a doctor I would probably understand. So she turned around and showed me a hole in her left chest behind, large enough for me to put my fist in. It was still discharging. She had had four ribs removed, after a long convalescence recovering from a shrapnel wound in the lung. You see the good spirit which she had shown represented sheer courage. Her good looks represented cosmetics properly applied.

Three months later, I was myself in hospital and my nurse came in one day to say that there was a rather tough-looking woman at the door who said she wanted to see me; should she be shown in? I could not imagine who the doubtful character was, but suggested that she be shown in. When she came in and stood beside my bed, there was my nurse from the drug warehouse. She had changed considerably, because she now had no cosmetics and, instead of being clothed in a pretty silk dress, she wore a leather coat coming out at the elbows, a grease-stained pair of riding breeches and a mud-splashed pair of riding boots. She had come from her cushy job, up towards the front, three days journey. We were then just two days behind the front. She had sat on the outside of the Red Cross trucks in the day time. She had slept under the trucks at night, and the average altitude was some 6,500 feet and that is not easy on a chest case. No wonder she looked a bit tough! I asked her what she wanted, and what on earth had brought her away from her job in the warehouse. She handed me a slip of paper and said: "You have two trucks leaving for the front tomorrow at eight o'clock. Sign this little slip, because I am going on your trucks to the front." I told her she was not fit to go to the front. She was not fit to be at work at all. She should have been in hospital herself. But her answer was: "Fit or not fit, Doc, they are having a hot time at the front and they expect an awful lot of us Christians."

You will never have this girl for a colleague, because two weeks later they got her by a direct hit, but there are thousands like her in China, who have come through the heat of a modern war, who have been tempered by having passed through the fire, and they are available to work with us as colleagues in building a new world.

The Story Of The Early Days Of Our Hospital

Miss Mary Pinkham, O.B.E. has kindly contributed the following address which she had prepared for a recent meeting of the Woman's Hospital Aid Society. Mrs. Pinkham, her mother, acted as president of this society for seventeen years an at the time of her resignation was presented with a silver plate in recognition of her invaluable aid in its formation. The work of the group is very well described by Miss Pinkham.

It is a real pleasure to me to be asked to tell you something of the starting of the Calgary General Hospital and the Woman's Hospital Aid Society. I wonder if you can realize what it was like in Western Canada in the early days, with very few doctors, no nurses, and no hospitals. I hope it may interest you to hear some family history and the story of one pioneer woman.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, came to Fort Churchill, in 1821, from the Orkneys, and eventually came to live in the Red River Settlement. My grandmother arrived in Fort Garry, from Aberdeen, in 1839, and at that time the Hudson's Bay Company had one doctor, there were no nurses, but kind and intelligent Indian and half-breed women helped bring most of the babies into the world.

My father, who was born in Newfoundland in 1844, went to England to finish his education, and came out to the Red River Settlement in 1868. He proposed to my mother the third time they met, and they were married in December of that year. He had just been ordained to the Ministry, and their first Parish was St. James, a suburb of Winnipeg.

In those early days they had to do a great deal of nursing, sitting up night after night with a patient. My mother was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Woman's Hospital Aid Society to the Winnipeg General Hospital, and it was said that the women were their mainstay. Dr. Mewburn was the first Intern there. He afterwards came to Lethbridge and I believe the Colonel Mewburn Hospital in Lethbridge was named after him.

In 1887 my father was consecrated Bishop of Saskatchewan and his Diocese included most of Alberta. It was impossible to secure a house to live in so we did not come to Calgary to live until 1889. You will understand why my mother, who had so much to do with starting the first hospital in Calgary, was so interested in the care of the sick. Having lived all her life on the western prairies she knew what a toll of human life had been taken during the period of pioneering—women dying in child birth, epidemics of smallpox and typhoid fever, and terrible accidents on the ranches and in the building of the new railroad.

I believe the first movement to start a hospital was in November, 1886. The Mayor, Mr. G. C. King, called a meeting which was addressed by Mr. Amos Rowe and the three medical men of the town, Drs. Henderson, Lafferty and Lindsay. A Committee was formed and they secured a grant of 4½ acres, north of Angus Fraser's farm across the Bow. Angus Fraser was Manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post. I found that his farm was sold to the MacDougalls and finally to some Chinese, and as the main site on which this Hospital stands was given to the town by the Federal Government prior to 1890, it must have been the land mentioned at that time.

My mother got to work as soon as she could to interest people in starting a Cottage Hospital. She collected some money, but in order that it might not be considered by some as an Anglican institution, she persuaded the Mayor to call a meeting of people interested in starting a General Hospital and undertook to turn over the funds she had on hand. You have all probably heard of the Chinaman who died in a hotel bedroom and who left a suit of clothes to the clergyman who visited him and \$100.00 to start a hospital. This money was turned over to my mother by either the Anglican clergyman, Dr. Cooper, or the Presbyterian, Mr. Herdman.

They had quite a good meeting. The first President was Mr. D. W. Marsh and the Directors included Messrs. G. C. King, Amos Rowe, Wm. Pearce, Colonel Walker, A. D. Braithwaite, J. A. Loughheed, my father, and others. They secured a frame house on Section 16, part of which is now known as Seventh Avenue,

containing two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor and four small rooms upstairs. Mrs. Hoad enjoyed the distinction of being the first matron, or we might say matron and cook combined, as her only other helpers were her husband and an orderly. My mother called a meeting to organize a Women's Hospital Aid Society, but the first one was a disappointment for only Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. A. Allan, and my mother turned up. Nothing daunted, they arranged another meeting, to be held at the home of Mrs. J. D. Lafferty, on the afternoon of November 11th, 1890, and to advertise it better they secured the help of the clergy of the town who announced the meeting from their pulpits. The result was most gratifying as 47 women turned up, all most enthusiastic.

How those pioneer women of Calgary worked to carry out the principal aim of the Society to provide linen for the Hospital! Not only did they sew hours on end, but they earned the money to purchase the materials the hard way by holding suppers and dances. Can you visualize what it was like to raise money in those days with the settlers all beginning life, struggling for a living and a future, and with very few people who could spare \$100.00 for this work?

From the start the affairs of the Woman's Hospital Aid Society were carried on in the most businesslike manner. The accounts were always audited and everything possible was done to inspire the confidence of the public. In her reminiscences, my mother spoke of the wonderful enthusiasm of the members. No work was too hard for them and too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Wm. Pearce and her two sisters, Mrs. Mackid, and Miss Louisa Meyer; Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Perley and many others. Many hundreds of dollars were made, due to their energy, for no one refused these good ladies, and we knew if they went to collect from the business men they could generally get what they wanted. My mother said she looked back with the greatest pleasure to her work among all the splendid women who were ready to second her in everything she undertook.

As I said before, their principal way of raising money was by suppers and dances, and they generally had to clean out the building and pack most of the water in pails from a well across the street to the old Hull's Opera House, where most of the entertainments were held. They did all the cooking at home except the vegetables, which they served hot, and my mother had a vision of Mrs. Pearce lifting a huge wash boiler of potatoes off the stove by herself. My mother once carved twelve turkeys for one of those meals. They also served meals at the Fair grounds, feeding hundreds. Nothing was too hard or too difficult as long as they made money for the Hospital.

Miss Birtles became Matron in 1894. She recalled that the Hospital could hold 8 cots, that is, when one of them was put in the dining room, but 7 was its usual quota. The Staff consisted of herself, an Orderly, and an Assistant, who left two days after Miss Birtles arrived. There was no night nurse, such a person was unheard of. Miss Birtles was nurse, cook, dietitian, on a 24-hour-a-day duty. The dining room served as an operating one and when an operation was to be performed they moved the eighth patient out of the dining room and cleared the table.

In that little two story house, Miss Birtles stayed until May 22nd, 1895, when the General Hospital, now used as an Isolation Hospital, and just started when she arrived in Calgary, was completed. The Annual Report of the Directors for 1895, read by the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. R. A. Janes, showed that the most important event of the year was the completion of the new Hospital Building, and the Woman's Hospital Aid Society was thanked, not only for fully furnishing the Hospital from cellar to garret at a great cost, but for having furnished their model operating room. Further, when the Board of Directors found themselves with some liabilities unprovided for, they generously came to their assistance by paying off \$275.00 of the same, as well as donating to the Board an overdue note of \$175.00 held by their Society. They also reported that they now possess a first-class building, fully furnished, a medical staff of ability and skill and thoroughly trained nurses.

The formal opening took place on May 22nd, 1895, the corner stone having been laid by Mr. Daly, the Minister of the Interior. The corner stone of the Maternity Hospital was laid by my mother on September 12th, 1899. In 1903 it was thought advisable to build a new Maternity Hospital, and the original one was converted into a nurses' home. In 1898 or 1899, Miss Birtles resigned and her

place was taken by Miss Tyers. In 1900 the President of the Board of Directors reported that the new Maternity Hospital and Nurses' Home had been completed at a cost of about \$8000.00. Isn't it amazing to think of the way costs have increased since that date? The President said that their net liability was \$3300.00 and that the satisfactory financial condition of affairs was largely due to the untiring efforts of the Woman's Hospital Aid Society.

At their Annual Meeting in 1899 the Aid Society reported that they had handed \$4000.00 to the Directors. In 1902 the President spoke of the necessity of increased accommodation and of providing an Isolation Hospital, stating that the building and additions would mean a total expenditure of \$25,000.00. He remarked that this might seem a large amount, but in the present prosperous condition of the City and country this would be an opportune time to undertake the expenditure. He also reported that they had been fortunate enough to again secure the services of Miss Birtles as Lady Superintendent, but she only remained for a short time. In 1903 contracts were let for the maternity building \$12,523.00, Isolation \$13,353.00, and Laundry \$1,940.00, and the City Council submitted a by-law to the rate-payers to raise \$10,000.00 towards the erection of the Isolation building which was carried.

In 1905 the President, Mr. A. E. Cross, reported that the Isolation Hospital had been completed and that \$500.00 was donated by the City to partially furnish this building and a grant of \$100.00 per month for its maintenance. He said that the new Maternity Hospital had proved successful in every respect and was now in splendid working order, the machinery in the laundry was practically all in place and they hoped to start it up any time. He stated that it had nearly all been paid for by the great generosity of the Ladies Aid Society and that the Hospital's special thanks was again due them for this important work and also for the \$1000.00 paid in reducing the mortgage.

Three years later construction on the present General Hospital began and on February 1st, 1910, it was ready for occupancy. Building of a Nurses' Residence followed in 1913 and two large additions, now known as "A" and "B" blocks were completed during the war years.

At the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Hospital Aid Society, held on January 9th, 1913, my mother resigned, and I believe her place was taken by Mrs. Niblock, and there I will leave you, with a few observations. I sometimes wonder what would have happened to the Hospital if it hadn't been taken over by the City. You may not agree with me, but I think it was a tragedy. I imagine the Woman's Hospital Aid would have taken great exception to the City dump being placed where it is, and market gardens being permitted. All of us know that when vegetation is allowed to remain on the ground all winter this creates a very unhealthy atmosphere.

I believe that long before this we would have insisted on a ten minute bus service during certain hours of the day so that visitors and staff would not think it a day's journey to get to the Hospital. There are lots of other things we would like to improve, and we women who are vitally interested in the welfare of the Hospital should do all in our power to improve conditions so that our Hospital will be a credit to the people of Calgary and an institution of which we will all be proud.

In an article written by Mr. Bailey Price, who was Secretary of the Southern Alberta Old Timers' Association for many years, the following tribute is given:

"To-day, when women's clubs throughout the country still stress their public health work as an objective of major importance, they are paying tribute to those hard-working unselfish pioneer women, who first realized that good health is one of the foundation stones of any community. Of them, as of the Fathers of Confederation, it might well be said: 'They builded better than they knew.'"

Also, Mrs. Reginald Smith, of Calgary, under the noni de plume of 'May Armitage', wrote the following as a foreword to my mother's reminiscences:

"Canada in the making!! To some of us has been given the privilege—not a small one—of early participation in the joys, the hardships, the struggles, the achievements attendant upon the dawn of community life in a new land. The welding of a civilization is an enormous thing! The blending of old and new influences; the wresting from the soil the means of livelihood; the counteracting of lawlessness and lack of restraint which oftentimes follow on the heels of the

newcomer from other lands; the fostering of patriotism and order; the establishment of church and educational systems; all these and many more activities lay awaiting the touch of the early settler in Canada. Was it worthwhile? Were the struggles with the bitter elements, the long, long trails across unbroken prairie and rolling foothills without fruition? Was the ministering to hearts wrenched from home ties, and lonely for old world friendships without reward? A thousand times, No! In those first humble cottages of the new land, courage and love made toil and privation bearable; there, growing things and spreading acres were the stimulus to further achievements; there, the great men of today—many of them—had their early teaching. Worth it—a privilege beyond price, a heritage without boundary."

Financial Statement, Year Ending Dec. 31, 1946

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Balance forward Dec. 31, 1945		Flowers	\$ 98.59
Current Account		Printing Bulletins, etc.	31.88
Imperial Bank	1772.92	Canadian Nurse	6.30
Savings Account	2038.20	Auditors' Fee	15.00
Cash on hand	25.95	Meeting Expense	52.72
Dominion of		DONATIONS:	
Canada Bond	1000.00	Community Chest	\$200.00
	<u>\$4837.07</u>	Canadian Cancer Society	25.00
FEES COLLECTED:		Sundry Donations	54.60
1939	\$ 5.00		<u>279.60</u>
1940	9.00	Hospitalization	712.47
1941	4.00	Banquet Expense	165.66
1942	6.00	Stationery, Postage	
1943	8.00	Cards, etc.	83.37
1944	14.00	Year Books	149.04
1945	39.50	Dance Expense	221.67
1946	511.00	Food Parcels	28.60
1947	37.00	Sundry Expense	43.44
1948	6.00	Balance Forward, Dec. 31, 1946.	
	<u>639.50</u>	Current Account	\$ 247.69
Year Books	\$ 58.50	Savings Account	3051.42
Carnival Ticket Sale, 1945	192.00	Dom. of Can. Bond	1000.00
Overseas Nurses Fund ret'd....	59.56		<u>4299.11</u>
Hospitalization, 1947	28.00		
Dance Tickets	234.00		
Sundry Donations Rec'd.	30.00		
Skating Party Receipts	68.75		
Interest on Dom. of Can. Bond	25.00		
Interest on Savings Acct.	14.77		
Sundry Receipts — Exchange30		
	<u>\$6187.45</u>		<u>\$6187.45</u>

Certified Correct on the Basis of Information Furnished.

(Signed) R. S. FLETCHER, Auditor.

In Memoriam



Mrs. Garfield Cross (Greer '39)

Mrs. C. W. Frantz (Shaw '16)

Mrs. S. W. Layton (Beck '22)

Mrs. J. S. Spiller (Skuce '15)

"At the going down of the sun and
in the morn,
We shall remember them."

LOST MEMBERS

Mrs. A. S. Allen (V. Rumohr '20)
Mrs. Bert Armstrong (C. Johnstone '21)
Mrs. W. M. Beatty (V. Lees '20)
Mrs. D. Brown (Remackel '39)
Mrs. M. Cavanaugh (Hall '17)
Mary Dickson '35
Mrs. W. W. Eadie (V. Kilgour '19)
Jean Elliot '17
Mrs. G. Fordham (E. Gingles '19)
Mrs. J. B. Francis (G. Ewing '34)
Dorothy Gregory '31
Mrs. E. Heaton (B. Cameron '19)
Charlotte Langstone '39

Isabell MacLaurin '44
Mrs. R. Alloway (Matheson '04)
Mrs. A. M. Bailey (M. Jarrett '25)
Mrs. M. Beauchamp (Phelan '32)
Mrs. George Campbell (Graham '19)
Gladys Coates '43
Agnes Duffin '31
Mrs. A. E. Eaton (Beattie '26)
Mrs. A. Fisher (Fisher '11)
Jeanette Foster '30
Mrs. Gernyn (E. Bligh '14)
Mrs. Don Hayton (M. Roderick '38)
Mrs. Stella Johnson (Hodgson '40)
Mrs. D. Lemarchand (R. Curtis '43)

"When a pessimist comes to de forks in a road, he figgers both roads
go wrong.

Gittin' to de bottom of a trubbel may bring you out on top.

If worry gets you anywhere, it's apt to be a place from where you can't
come back—"

—Cogitations of Parson Ebony Snow.

SENTIMENTS REGARDING THAT CHECK-UP AT ROCHESTER

(The same the world over, I guess)

At last they check your cards,
Now guess what you are told,
There's not a darn thing wrong with you
Except you're growing old —

At the clinic.

I've waited for the stork to come,
I've waited at the church;
I've waited with my hands upraised
While gangsters made the search —

At home.

I've waited for the judge to speak
Because of law's defiance,
But waiting at the Clinic
Is a modern piece of science —

In Rochester.

I wish the Doctors no bad luck,
But outside of St. Peter's gate
I hope he tells 'em nothing, while
They wait, and wait, and wait —

Up above.

(John James Hannahah)

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
or what's a heaven for?"

"A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
"For" said he "it's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle D.D."

(The Acatec)

"I sneezed a sneeze into the air.
It fell to earth I know not where,
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze."

(The Roundup)



Report On Food Parcels

At the suggestion of the A.A.R.N. we are sending food parcels to Miss Dorothy Lawrence in Dorset and Miss Frances Horn in Honts. On June tenth we sent our first parcel and another in August and each succeeding month to Miss Lawrence.

In September we adopted Miss Horn and have up to date sent her two parcels.

RUBY ELDER



BIRTHS – 1947

Mrs. E. Connelly (Johnston '31)	Girl
Mrs. K. Scott (Witts '46)	Girl
Mrs. J. Redden (Easterbrook '31)	Boy
Mrs. Bruce McDonald (Pattison '43)	Girl
Mrs. Howard Loughlin (Corbett '38)	Boy
Mrs. N. Bullivant (Moore's '39)	Girl
Mrs. R. Rich (Pearson '36)	???
Mrs. Garfield Cross (Greer '39)	Boy
Mrs. E. B. Hall (Rae '40)	Boy
Mrs. L. Basham (Rockley '44)	Boy
Mrs. H. Jeffrey (McFarlane '43)	Boy
Mrs. E. M. Tweedale (Toews '44)	Girl
Mrs. C. Holdberg (O'Neil '42)	Boy
Mrs. D. Elliott (Blair '39)	Boy
Mrs. J. Thomson (Weiler '45)	Girl
Mrs. G. R. Danforth (Mills '39)	Boy
Mrs. R. Baillie (Giles '37)	Boy
Mrs. L. Mitchell (Freebairn '42)	Girl
Mrs. E. G. Cowlie (Willsie '30)	Girl
Mrs. Harry Annis (Provost '44)	Girl
Mrs. J. Catton (Doe '43)	Girl
Mrs. R. A. Nordman (Boden '36)	Boy
Mrs. G. W. Theakston (Ritchie '38)	Boy
Mrs. L. Dow (Fowler '46)	Boy
Mrs. J. Nixon (Murray '42)	Girl
Mrs. D. J. Watson (Carlson '36)	Boy
Mrs. H. Sanders (Fuichuk '39)	Boy
Mrs. W. Peterson (Thomson '40)	Boy

OPTIMUM OF GOOD HEALTH

"Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in,
 Carry the crown of your head high,
 And fill the lungs to the utmost.
 Drink in Sunshine.
 Greet your friends with a smile.
 Put soul into every handclasp.
 Do not fear being misunderstood and never waste
 A minute thinking about your enemies.
 Have an ideal and never forget it or fail to hold it high."

MARRIAGES



1947

Mrs. Edwin Pitt (E. Bass '28)
 Mrs. J. D. Innes (M. Dick '28)
 Mrs. L. Dow (L. Fowler '46)
 Mrs. B. McDonald (F. Pattison '43)
 Mrs. A. C. Code (D. Hughes '44)
 Mrs. A. H. Nuddle (H. Langley '38)
 Mrs. J. T. Bishop (E. Gaunce '45)
 Mrs. S. Russell (S. Mackay '42)
 Mrs. R. W. Yewell (M. Herbert '46)
 Mrs. M. McDougall (M. Poyser '46)
 Mrs. Jack Thomson (N. Weiler '45)
 Mrs. Howard Wilson (E. Miller '42)
 Mrs. Sackville Palmer (C. Doull '42)
 Mrs. J. Bray (M. Florendine '37)
 Mrs. G. M. Bell (N. McFarland '43)
 Mrs. H. J. Moore (N. Rose '46)
 Mrs. Bill Birch (A. Miller '43)
 Mrs. R. T. Hallett (L. King '46)

Mrs. L. Basham (M. Rockley '44)
 Mrs. G. W. Theakston (I. Ritchie '38)
 Mrs. Richard Ward (R. Jewesson '43)
 Mrs. G. R. Danforth (J. Mills '39)
 Mrs. K. G. Robinson (M. McCaskill '45)
 Mrs. J. Nixon (B. Murray '42)
 Mrs. N. H. Syme (N. Bass '40)
 Mrs. W. A. Campbell (T. Yuill '43)
 Mrs. R. Jackson (M. Olsen '44)
 Mrs. J. Stubbs (E. Pool '46)
 Mrs. E. P. Davies (V. Sinton '46)
 Mrs. G. Mason (M. Bothwell '42)
 Mrs. L. Crawford (L. Doten '44)
 Mrs. Harry Cool (G. Eyre '45)
 Mrs. D. G. Mackenzie (J. Battrum '46)
 Mrs. Wm. Fead (J. Cramer '43)

A.A.R.N. PRESIDENT LEAVES ALBERTA

Of interest to all Alberta nurses is the recent resignation of Miss Barbara Beattie, R.N., from the Provincial Mental Hospital at Ponoka. For many years Miss Beattie served in the capacity of Superintendent of Nurses at Ponoka. For the past two years she has been president of the A.A.R.N. In the near future she will leave for Moncton, N.B., where she has accepted the position of Superintendent of nurses at the Moncton Hospital.

Junior was a problem child, but the psychiatrist said he must be humored.

"I'll get you anything you want to eat," said the father.

The child thought for a moment. "I want an earthworm."

In the back yard the father found one and set it before Junior.

"I wanted it cooked," Junior objected. The father took the worm back to the kitchen and boiled it.

The child regarded it critically. "You eat half," he told his father, "and I'll eat the other half."

The long-suffering father managed to choke down half the earthworm. Suddenly the child let out a wild howl.

"You ate my half"! he wailed.

—March of progress.

"It is better to light one small candle, than to curse the darkness."

Excerpts from

"VALUES OLD AND NEW" by Dr. E. P. Scarlett

In 1940 I spoke to a nurses' convention at which time my remarks were entitled "Till the Barrage Lifts." Well, the barrage has lifted. Our objectives have been won. But we now lift tired eyes and realize that the battle still goes on, and that the war was only the upper current of deeper moving forces struggling in the world. Our losses have been great. The price which we have paid is titanic. Our new positions must be consolidated. The desolation must be repaired. New objectives must be defined. Our ranks must be reorganized. In short, the barrage has lifted, but the war goes on. What I am going to say to you is no pleasing patter. It is "tonic and bark"—bitter, but I hope stimulating.

The serious shortage of nurses at the present time, and changes in our society have brought the whole organization of the nursing profession under scrutiny. Great changes are in the offing. For my part I am glad that this development has come. I have long felt that the nursing profession is one of the last relics of slavery in the modern world. To use Meredith's phrase, nurses, more than most women, are "society's hard-drilled soldiery."

The crisis in nursing, as we have said, is only part of larger issues, and it is some of these that I should like to discuss briefly: what we may call the crisis in the world at large, the critical situation in the medical world, and the present crisis as it affects each one of us as individuals. Now this is a high theme, but one which I regard as most essential to discussion today. We can no longer nurse illusions. The events of the last ten years surely have shown us the terrible powers of evil and the terrifying spectacle of a world close to disintegration.

The result is that man is confused and uncertain. Everywhere voices are crying in the wilderness telling us what must be done. Man is afraid, with the result that on all sides we hear the demand for security. Man is tired. He is disillusioned. The confidence in the sure progress of mankind which inspired men in the 19th Century has given way to doubt. For a large section of people, meaning and purpose seem to have gone out of existence.

What can we do about all this? Or, in the words of Christian already quoted, "What shall I do?" Having surveyed our world as above, what must be our course of action and the ideals which will guide us in the future?

Let us first examine our course and viewpoint as these concern the medical world. Speaking personally, I am less concerned about the organizations which nurses and doctors will form than I am about the quality of the nurses and doctors who will make up such societies. Given the right kind of nurses and doctors, the right kind of medical organization will follow. You and I—not our societies—not the system under which we practise—will be the measure of the stability of medicine, its greatness and its power to command the respect of the public. It is the individual nurse and the individual doctor that are the all-important things.

If you doubt this, let me ask you this question. What gave medicine its hold on the public esteem? You know the answer as well as I do. It was the spectacle of the self-sacrificing country doctor who was a friend of the family, and the capable self-sacrificing nurse. These, and not medical or nursing institutions, are what seized the imagination of the world and gave medicine its strength and the respect and blessing of humanity. Therein lies our strength.

NOTE—The members of the A.A.R.N. had the privilege last Spring of hearing this splendid address at the convention. The message is not given here in its entirety unfortunately, but we would advise our readers that the complete article may be read in the January issue of the "Canadian Nurse."

"This little strip of light
Twixt night and night
Let me keep bright . . .

Today . . .
And. if tomorrow shall be sad
Or never come at all, I've had
At least — Today."

Anonymous.